



Mar J L Woods
Glenwood
Iowa

From Phelps
June 1860 Lucas
509 So Lucas City
Iowa Ia.

the
other
roomer

Dear Carrie & all - I know you
must think I've forgotten you but
I haven't - I had to get two papers in
Shakespeare in and had a history
exam. I would have written
Sunday but didn't feel good - We had
a fight with Jane - The way it was
she put Mike's rug & valance for
his curtains in our room - they
are shabby - and she didn't ask
if we liked it or anything - She
did this Saturday - Well Sunday I
felt so funny - not that I cared
about the rug but that I thought she
just wanted to insult us - We
got ready for church & didn't come
down all morning - When we
started to church she came up
to us her eyes blazing & said
"What the matter with you kids
you act so stuck up" I said
nothing - She said I know you're
mad because I changed
your rug but as I told Glenn
you don't own it - I didn't say
I would just left the house - We
were paid up for 2 weeks so
we had to stay longer so when
we came home I went to her
and said - Jane I think it's a
shame to let a rug come between
our friendships - We have
always been such good friends
well her eyes filled up & she
said she didn't mean to offend
she put our rug back & is
making new valances for us

She is just flighty - I hate to move
but M. insists as he just hates
her - I think she's just ignorant &
feels like we try to hit her
altho we sure treat her friendly -

My exams are over and
I feel light as a feather - We
register Sat. for the second 5 weeks
I can hardly wait for it to pass
so I can be home - We talked to
Mr Spencer last night he said
Bill would make a good basket
ball player some time - Sure like
to hear the news about Bill ~~and~~
hope he gets along OK with Glenn
etc. And while sitting
on a couch beside Flora
McSweeney she has a terrible
headache - we have become
great friends. Yes Mama I got
your letter telling about

Grandma being with you
but got it long after I sent hers.
Am going to get something for her
birthday don't know what though -
We are getting low on clothes are
going to pack the quick pack to - etc.
Sure glad to hear you are getting
rich Carrie - hate to send the pack
when you are so busy - We have
been washing out odds & ends
in the bowl - My dark dresses
are a boon don't have to be washed.

There isn't much to tell it
seems but if I was home could
talk enough. - Am sending Dean
something in the Quick Pack - Wanted
you to see it - so you can give it
to him - It's quite crude but it
improve with practice.

II

Got a nice letter from Midge - she surely is "the dog". there isn't she - I'm so glad as she always wanted to be that way.

Tell Marian it might be such a thing as Jane would do her center piece she knows I have it but hasn't mentioned it - I'll wait and see. In five weeks we'll be home for a month - I'm not going a single place - I haven't written to Fern or Mayie - I think it was sort of up to Mayie to write don't you? It's just impossible for me to keep up a correspondence with any one though except my family as there isn't anything I can write that they would be interested in.

Maurice is surely looking well I must write to grandma Phelps & tell her. Wish I was sittin' in at your table tonight having red devil - I guess I'll always get homesick

spells. The other day our Shakespeare
teacher ~~began~~ said something about
box seat in a theater and immediately
my mind went to the time Eula, Dean & Mr & I
sat in the one at Glenwood, I nearly
cried in class I could just see Eula
sitting there - my if she only was
back I guess we would all take
her to every show she wanted to
see wouldn't we?

Well this is enough of this
rambling - hope you can read
it - Oh yes - a girl friend of mine
(Mr Jessup's girl) gave Mr & I compo-
tickets to the Robinson Circus - they
had tickets & they went home so she
gave 'em to us, It sure was fun.
the last time I went with Papa
- Eula & I - & Midge stayed home -

do you remember

this is that
poem by Edna St Vincent Millay
Ebb.

I know what my heart is like
Since my love died!
It is like a hollow ledge
Holding a little pool left there by the tide,
A little tepid pool
Drying inward from the edges.